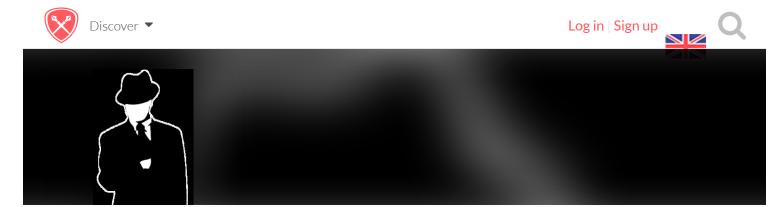
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# The Mafia











#### Chapter 1 by Iskiox

He slowly stood up from his crouching position. He'd reached for his pocket to take out a red rag to clean the bloodied knife in his hands. It was clean only moments before, though when your cutting off fingers to hide the prints and identity of your victim, things can get rather messy.

The sirens weren't far off now, as some idiot seemed to have called the authorities already..Guess that makeshift silencer wasn't all it was made up to be. Nonetheless, he was quick on his feet and he could easily make his escape by hopping out the window and climbing up the fire escape that lead to the roof.

He unlocked the latch to the window that would act as an exit to this messy, gored scene of a decapitated, and de-fingered body. The hit-man quickly made his way up the stairs as he continued away from the room to leave the mutilated body to be discovered by the N.Y.P.D. -"Another unsolved case for the Detective Bureau, and another 100k in my pockets"-he said with a sly smirk spread upon his face.







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Then he was disturbed at his own apparent lack of sympathy for the victim. But how many times could a person really be expected to bemoan the loss of life when it seemed to occur on a weekly basis.

Detective Andrews sauntered up to the crime scene, mug in hand.

"I see the Butcher has struck again." He said, and loudly slurped his coffee.

"I said stop calling him that." The moniker of "Butcher" was probably invented by the Mafia itself to scare its' rivals. Braviere would have none of that.

"You're late." Braviere continued.

"Yeah, well, this guy's not going anywhere. What's the story?"

"Worker across the street heard a gunshot from this warehouse. Called 911. We get here to find this guy."

"How many does this make?"

"I can't remember."

#### Chapter 3 by lightningstrikeshannah (I'm back!)

Bodies had been found, all over the city, all the same, de-fingered lifeless corpses. Detective Braviere had seen it a million times before. He just hoped that the Mafia would, at least, change up their killing pattern. It was actually starting to get a little boring if you considered corpses an everyday thing.

### Chapter 4 by gamer



As they were talking "Detective Braviere over here!" as Detective Braviere looked he saw a

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Detective Andrews felt like banging his head against the wall. Every other time there was a serial killer of some sort on the loose there was some kind of pattern - why hadn't he thought of looking into that before? Frustrated at himself for not doing so straight away, he quickly retrieved the files linked to this case. It was easy to link all the killings together because of the same state all the bodies were in, but there were so many, Andrews was overwhelmed by the amount and never thought to find any other connections in all of them.

During the night, Andrews scanned each folder with all the information about the murder it held and tried to find something, anything, that could count as a clue. But there was nothing... Well except one tiny little detail.

There was always something related to photography in every crime scene - the camera, a lens, some empty film, a tripod, etc. And the only object that ever appeared more than once was a polaroid picture.

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